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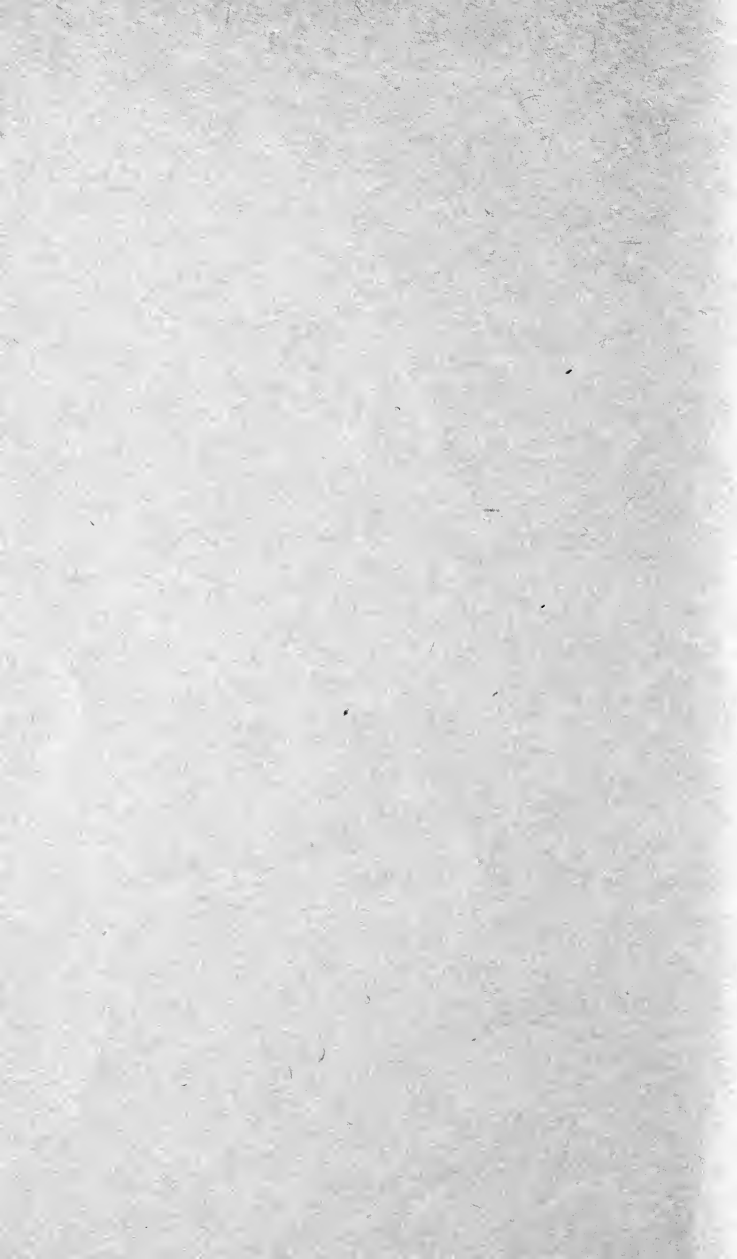
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GROUPED THOUGHTS

AND

SCATTERED FANCIES.

A COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ATLANTIS," "SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES," &c.

RICHMOND, VA.

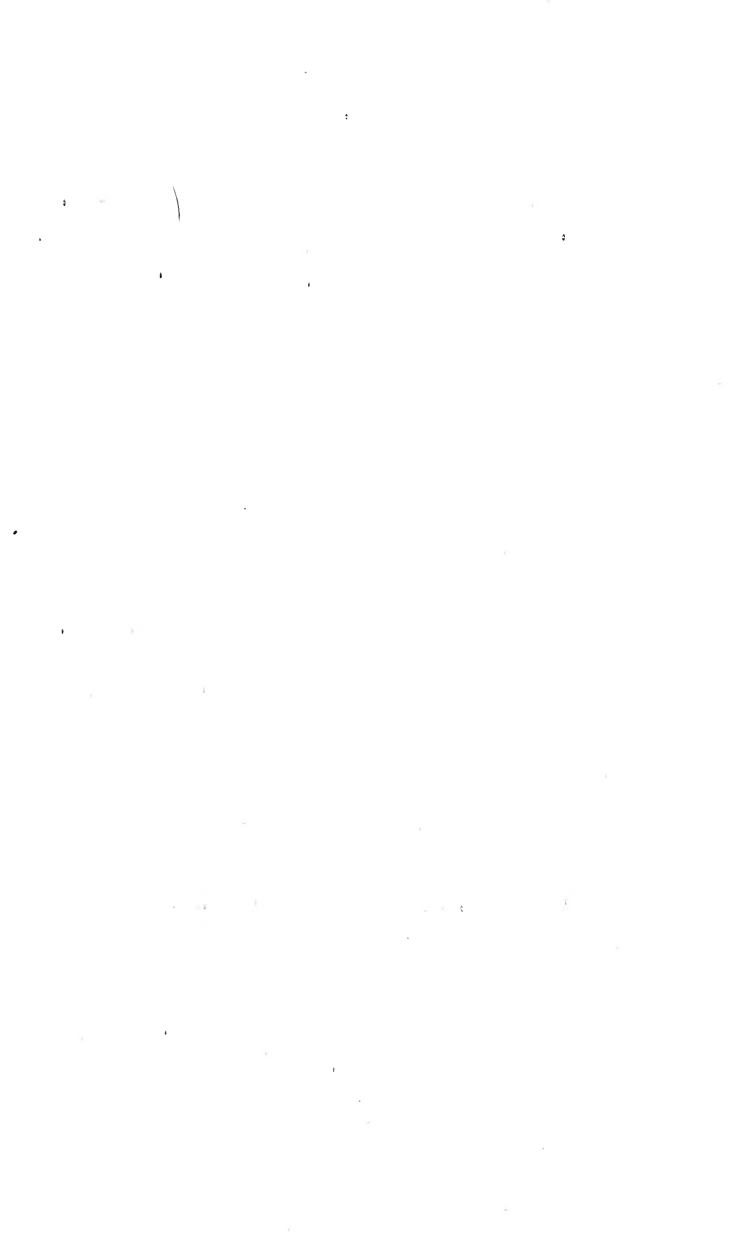
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MAIN

SONNETS.



GROUPED THOUGHTS, &c.

INVOCATION.

I.

Spirit that dwellest in the opening flower,
And bathest in the morning's earliest dew,—
Thou that hast wings to hurry on the hour,
And makest that lovely which were else but true;
Yielding fresh odor for the hungering sense,
Teaching the zephyr mournful eloquence,
And, when he brings his worship to the rose,
That givest such heavenly sweetness to his tone,
That fancy straightway deems it music's own!
Come to me, spirit, from thy far domain—
Fain would I, with a tenderness like thine,
To her I love, of her I love, complain;
For she hath beckon'd me to seek her shrine,
Beholds me there, yet nothing heeds my pain.

SYMPATHIES.

II.

I will breathe music in the little bell
That cups this flower, until it takes a tone
For every feeling human heart has known ;
Though hearts their secrets may not often tell,
Mine is the charm to win them : I will wake
Strains, which though new to men, they shall not fail
To tremble as they hear,—as an old tale,
Will with new joy the absent wanderer take,
Moving his spirit with a strange delight !
Love will I win from friendship—the old lure
Will I make new, and all the new secure ;
And beauty never thence shall fade from sight !
Think not I mock thee—spells of higher power
Are gathered in the blue depths of this flower.

TO THE SISTER OF MY FRIEND.

III.

Sweet Lady ! in the name of one no more,
Both of us loved and neither shall forget,
Make me thy brother,—though our hearts before,
Perchance, have never in communion met ;
Give me thy gentle memories, though there be,
Between our forms some thousand miles of sea,

Wild tract and wasted desert :—let me still,
 Whate'er the joy that warms me, or the thrill,
 That tortures, and from which I may not flee,
 Hold ever a sweet place within thy breast !
 In this my spirit shall be more than bless'd :—
 And in my prayers,—if, haply, prayer of mine
 Be not a wrong unto a soul like thine,—
 There shall be blessings from the skies for thee.

DEATH IN YOUTH.

IV.

They tell us—whom the Gods love, die in youth !
 'Tis something to die innocent and pure ;
 But death without performance, is most sure,
 Ambition's martyrdom—worst death, in truth,
 To the aspiring temper, fix'd in thought,
 Of high achievement ! Happier far are they,
 Who, as the Prophet of the Ancients taught,
 Hail the bright finish of a perfect day !
 With fullest consummation of each aim,
 That wrought the hope of manhood—with the crown,
 Fix'd to their mighty brows, of amplest fame,
 Who smile at death's approaches and lie down,
 Calmly, as one beneath the shade tree yields,
 Satisfied of the morrow and green fields.

SABBATH IN THE WOODS.

V.

Let us escape! This is our holiday—
 God's day, devote to rest; and, through the wood
 We'll wander, and, perchance, find heavenly food,
 So, profitless it shall not pass away.
 'Tis life, but with sweet difference, methinks,
 Here, in the forest;—from the crowd set free,
 The spirit, like escaping song-bird drinks
 Fresh sense of music from its liberty.
 Thoughts crowd about us with the trees—the shade
 Holds teachers that await us: in our ear,
 Unwonted, but sweet voices do we hear,
 That with rare excellence of tongue persuade:
 They do not chide our idlesse,—were content,
 If all our walks were half so innocent.

FLOWERS AND TREES.

VI.

March is profuse in violets—at our feet
 They cluster,—not in pride but modesty;
 The damsel pauses as she passes by,
 Plucks them with smiles, and calls them very sweet.
 But such beguile me not! The trees are mine,
 These hoary headed masters;—and I glide,

Humbled, beneath their unassuming pride,
 And wist not much what blossoms bud or shine.
 I better love to see yon grandsire oak,
 Old Druid-patriarch, lone among his race,—
 With blessing, out-stretched arms, as giving grace,
 When solemn rites are said, or bread is broke :
 Decay is at his roots,—the storm has been
 Among his limbs,—but the old top is green.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

VII.

The pine with its green honors ; cypress gray.
 Bedded in waters ; crimsoning with bloom,
 The maple, that, irreverently gay,
 Too soon, methinks, throws off his winter gloom ;
 The red bud, lavish in its every spray,
 Glowing with promise of the exulting spring,
 And over all the laurel, like some king,
 Conscious of strength and stature, born for sway.
 I care not for their species—never look
 For class or order in pedantic book,—
 Enough that I behold them—that they lead
 To meek retreats of solitude and thought,
 Declare me from the world's day-labors freed,
 And bring me tidings books have never brought.

RELIGIOUS MUSING.

VIII.

The mighty and the massy of the wood
 Compel my worship : satisfied I lie,
 With nought in sight but forest, earth and sky,
 And give sweet sustenance to precious mood !—
 'Tis thus from visible but inanimate things,
 We gather mortal reverence. 'They declare
 In silence, a persuasion I must share,
 Of hidden sources, far spiritual springs,
 Fountains of deep intelligence, and powers,
 That man himself pursues not ; and I grow
 From wonder into worship, as the show,
 Majestic, but unvoiced, through noteless hours,
 Imposes on my soul, with musings high,
 That, like Jacob's Ladder, lifts them to the sky !

SOLACE OF THE WOODS.

IX.

Woods, waters, have a charm to soothe thine ear,
 When common sounds have vex'd it. When the day
 Grows sultry, and the crowd is in thy way,
 And working in thy soul much coil and care,—
 Betake thee to the forests. In the shade
 Of pines, and by the side of purling streams

That prattle all their secrets in their dreams,
 Unconscious of a listener,—unafraid,—
 Thy soul shall feel their freshening, and the truth
 Of nature then, reviving in thy heart,
 Shall bring thee the best feelings of thy youth,
 When in all natural joys, thy joy had part,
 Ere lucre and the narrowing toils of trade
 Had turn'd thee to the thing thou wast not made.

POETRY OF THE FOREST.

X.

These haunts are sacred,—for the vulgar mood
 Loves not seclusion. Here the very day
 Seems in a Sabbath dreaminess to brood,
 The groves breathe slumber—the great tree-tops sway
 Drowsily, with the idle-going wind ;
 And sweetest images before my mind
 Persuade me into pleasure, with their play.
 Here, fancies of the present and the past
 Delight to mingle, 'till the palpable seems
 Inseparate from the glory in my dreams,
 And golden with the halo round it cast :
 Thus do I live with Rosalind, thus stray
 With Jacques ; and churning o'er some native rhyme,
 Persuade myself it smacks of the old time.

FANCIES.

XI.

Here, on this bank of bruised violets,
 That the crush'd odor comes from, lay thee down,
 And listen to the silence, and leaves blown,
 Until thy overtask'd, sad heart forgives
 The sleepless struggle of yon busy town !
 There, every passion sickens ere 'tis spent,
 Here, others follow ere the first are done,
 Each, like its fellow, meekly innocent,
 Soul sweetening, and most easy to be won !
 And woman !—thou shalt see her as at first,
 When, on a bank like this, in Eden sleeping,
 On sight of its lone habitant she burst,
 Suddenly bright, as heavenly rainbow leaping,
 From the retiring cloud where it was nurst.

THE WINDS.

XII.

These are God's blessed ministers, methinks,
 These winds that whisper to the heart subdued,
 So winningly, that still the sad ear drinks
 Their messages of mercy, and the mood
 Grows chaste and unresentful—while the blight
 Passes from off the spirit that, but late,

Gloom'd with the gloomy progress of the night,
 And spoke defiance to the will of fate.—
 Comforts they bring with the submissive thought
 That teaches, sorrow still is the best friend,
 And moves to bless the chastener, that has brought
 The heart to tremble and the knees to bend,—
 Counselling that better hope, that born of fears,
 Is nursed in trembling and baptised in tears.

NIGHT.

XIII.

Moonlight is down 'mong shadow-keeping hills,
 And bright o'er placid waters : let us go :—
 I would not seek my couch while such a show
 Of beauty all the blue empyrean fills.
 Give open brow to joy—throw wide the vest
 To the fair angel that would make us blest ;
 Welcome the vision, fresh and beautiful,
 And shame to snatch it with a spirit dull !
 Look, where the shadows of the houses cast,
 Grow sick with the gay loveliness of night ;
 And as her living beams flock, hurrying past,
 How shrink they, as if shuddering at the bright—
 Let us away, dear heart, 'tis beauty's hour,
 And we must share her smiles, and smiling seize her flower.

HARBOR BY MOONLIGHT.

XIV.

The open sea before me, bathed in light,
 As if it knew no tempest; the near shore
 Crown'd with its fortresses, all green and bright,
 As if 'twere safe from carnage ever more;
 And woman on the ramparts; while below
 Girlhood, and thoughtless children bound and play
 As if their hearts, in one long holiday,
 Had sweet assurance 'gainst to-morrow's wo:—
 Afar, the queenly city, with her spires,
 Articulate, in the moonlight,—that above,
 Seems to look downward with intenser fires,
 As wrapt in fancies near akin to love;
 One star attends her which she cannot chide,
 Meek as the virgin by the matron's side.

MEMORIES OF FANCY.

XV.

This fairy vision gladdens us no more,
 As in our days of boyhood;—it is gone,
 The glory which in fancy's eye it wore,
 The crown of spiritual semblance it put on,—
 The lustre and the holy tenderness,—
 Appealing, as it were, to glimmering ties,

Of some past being, that we love not less,
 Because beyond our memory's reach it lies.
 And yet, even now, these mellow smiles of light,—
 That sad and sinking star—these silent woods,
 Sprinkled with gleams, that, as we gaze, take flight—
 Wake strange, sad thoughts, and still superior moods,
 And in the eyes that once they filled with joy,
 Tears gather,—and the man is twice the boy !

THE NATAL STAR.

XVI.

There is a pale and solitary star,
 That, with a sudden but a sweet surprise,
 Nightly, with little heed of bolt or bar,
 Peeps in upon my couch and opes mine eyes.
 The office of so pure a visitor,
 Must be for healing. Lovely was the thought,
 That, in the dreams of old astrologer,
 Such influence, with the fate of mortal, wrought !
 Nor, though this presence robs me of my rest,
 And makes me sad with lifeless memories,
 Shall it be curtain'd from my weary eyes :
 As my twin-angel, blessing still and bless'd,
 I welcome it, and still lament the night,
 When storm or cloud obscures it from my sight.

NIGHT STORM.

XVII.

This tempest sweeps the Atlantic!—Nevasink
 Is howling to the Capes! Grim Hatteras cries,
 Like thousand damned ghosts, that on the brink
 Lift their dark hands and threat the threatening skies;
 Surging through foam and tempest, old Romān,
 Hangs o'er the gulf, and with his cavernous throat,
 Pours out the torrent of his wolfish note,
 And bids the billows bear it where they can!
 Deep calleth unto deep, and from the cloud,
 Launches the bolt, that bursting o'er the sea,
 Rends for a moment the thick pitchy shroud,
 And shows the ship the shore beneath her lee:—
 Start not, dear wife, no dangers here betide,—
 And see, the boy, still sleeping at your side!

SLEEPING INFANT.

XVIII.

Sweetness and gamesome images surround
 Thy rest, young pilgrim! Pleasant breezes come,
 And bear the odors of the blossoming ground,
 And wave their wings above thy forehead's bloom:
 And O! that life may glide away with thee
 In infantile enjoyment!—while I pray

Above thy baby couch, that thou may'st be
 Guarded by angels, innocent as they,
 I would deny thee the vain hopes that crowd
 The child-heart's being! Thou should'st never dream
 Those great, gay visions that make boyhood proud;
 Nor should deceitful fancy lend one gleam,
 To lead thee blindly through those perilous years,
 Which the extravagant hope still throngs with cares!

PRAYER.

XIX.

Not blind to mine own weakness, which lacks power
 To save, though things, the dearest to mine eye,
 Sink, needing help, and vainly to me cry,—
 I cry to thee, O! God! in this dark hour!
 Spare me in mercy!—let thy chastening blows
 Fall lightly!—Thou hast taken from my heart
 The friends of youth,—these eyes have seen depart
 All my hope's dear ones, and the herd of woes
 Have wolved on my affections, till I stand
 Almost alone i' the forest! To my years
 Be merciful,—and to my feeble prayers,
 Accord the little breath of one whose sand
 Of life is just begun! Spare me this child,
 For the dear mother spare,—Eternal sire! be mild.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

XX.

These times deserve no song—they but deride
 The poet's holy craft,—nor his alone ;
 Methinks as little courtesy is shown
 To what was chivalry in days of pride :
 Honor but meets with mock : the worldling shakes
 His money-bags, and cries—"my strength is here ;
 O'erthrows my enemy, his empire takes
 And makes the ally serve, the alien fear !"

Is love the object ? Cash is conqueror,—
 Wins hearts as soon as empires—puts his foot
 Upon the best affections, and will spur
 His way to eloquence, when Faith stands mute ;
 And for Religion,—can we hope for her,
 When love and valor serve the same poor brute !

THE OLD MASTERS.

XXI.

I reverence these old masters—men who sung
 Or painted, not for love of praise or fame ;
 Who heeded not the popular eye or tongue,
 And craved no present honors for their name :
 Who toil'd because they sorrow'd ! In their hearts
 The secret of their inspiration lay ;—

When these were by the oppressor's minions wrung,
 The terrible pang to utterance forced its way.
 And hence it is, their passionate song imparts,
 To him who listens, a like sensible wo,
 That moves him much to turn aside and pray
 As if his personal grief had present claim ;—
 Thus Danté found his muse,—the pride and shame
 Of Florence ;—Milton thus, and Michael Angelo !

AIMS.

XXII.

There have been earnest fancies in my soul,
 A wilder summons,—deeper cares than these,
 That now possess my spirit and control,
 Subduing me to forests and green trees ;
 Thoughts have assailed me in my solitude,
 Of human struggle !—and within mine ear,
 Still and anon, a whispering voice I hear,
 That mocks me with my feebleness of mood ;
 The puny toil of song—the idle dance
 Of metaphor, and shadows of romance !
 Points to superior struggle—paints the cares
 Of Empire,—the great nation in the toils
 Of impotence, that still in blindness dares,
 And what it cannot elevate despoils.

VITALITY OF STATES.

XXIII.

Sudden, the mighty nation goes not down ;—
 There is no mortal fleetness in its fate :—
 Time,—many omens—still anticipate
 The peril that removes its iron crown,
 And shakes its homes in ruins. Centuries
 Fleet by in the long struggle ; and great men
 Rush, mounted, to the breach where victory lies,
 And personal virtue brings us life again !
 Were it not thus, my Country !—were this hope
 Not ours,—the present were a fearful time ;
 Vainly we summon mighty hearts to cope
 With thy oppressors,—vanity and crime—
 These ride thee, as upon some noble beast,
 The scoundrel jackal, hurrying to his feast.

HOME SERVICE.

XXIV.

Would we recal our virtues and our peace ?
 The ancient teraphim we must restore ;
 Bring back the household gods we loved of yore,
 And bid our yearning for strange idols cease.
 Our worship still is in the public way,—
 Our altars are the market-place ;—our prayer

Strives for meet welcome in our neighbor's ear,
And heaven affects us little while we pray.

We do not call on God but man to hear ;—
Nor even on his affections ;—we have lost
The sweet humility of our home desires
And flaunt in foreign fashions at rare cost ;
Nor God our souls, nor man our hearts, inspires,
Nor aught that should to God or man be dear.

PROMISE.

XXV.

Another yet, and still another height,
And still the last most wearisome ; but hark !
Comes not, like bless'd starlight through the dark,
Smiling with soft but most effectual light,
The confident look of hope, that cheers us still—
Mocks at the toilsome waste of wood and hill,
And with most sweet assurance of a joy,
That waits and beckons at the cottage door,
Takes off the oppressive toil, the day's annoy,
And teaches that the task will soon be o'er,—
Forgot in arms we love :—then, if we tell
Of the day's journey, wearisome and sad,
Twill be, in thanks and blessings, that so well
It ended,—in a night so bright and glad.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

XXVI.

Comes winter with an aspect dark to me,
 Harried with storms so long ! Are his brows stern,
 Speaks he a language of asperity
 Unfit for him to speak or me to learn ?
 And do I shrink from the impending stroke
 That follows his keen chiding ? Would I fly
 The terror of his presence, and that yoke,
 Borne with so long and so reluctantly ?
 No ! from its prison-house of care and pain,
 My spirit dares defy him. Well inured
 To trial,—I have borne it—not in vain,
 Since conquer'd is the destiny endured—
 Endured with no base spirit ! I have grown,
 Familiar with the future in the known.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

XXVII.

Yet bitter were the lessons of that past
 When life was one long winter ! Childhood knew
 Nor blossom, nor delight. No sunshine cast
 The glory of green leaves about mine eye ;
 No zephyr laden with sweet perfumes blew
 For me, its Eastern tribute from a sky,

Looking down love upon me ; and my mood
 Yearn'd for its kindred—for the humblest tie
 To human hopes, and aspirations true !
 Sickness, and suffering, and solitude
 Couch'd o'er my cradle : cheerless was the glance
 That watched my slumbers in those feeble hours,
 When pity, with her tears, her only powers,
 Might have brought hope if not deliverance.

CHILDHOOD.

XXVIII.

That season which all other men regret,
 And strive with boyish longing to recal,
 Which love permits not memory to forget,
 And fancy still restores in dreams of all
 That boyhood worship'd, or believed, or knew,—
 Brings no sweet images to me—was true,
 Only in cold and cloud, in lonely days
 And gloomy fancies—in defrauded claims,
 Defeated hopes, denied, denying aims ;—
 Cheer'd by no promise—lighted by no rays.
 Warm'd by no smile—no mother's smile,—that smile,
 Of all, best suited sorrow to beguile,
 And strengthen hope, and by unmark'd degrees,
 Encourage to their birth, high purposes.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

XXIX.

Why should I fear the winter now, when free
 To meet and mingle in the strifes of man ;
 The danger to defy which now I see,
 The oppressor to o'erthrow whom now I can !
 Childhood ! the season of my weaknesses,
 Is gone !—the muscle in my arm is strong ;
 No longer is there trembling in my knees,
 And my soul kindles at the look of wrong,
 And burns in free defiance !—never more
 Let me recal the hour when I was weak,
 To shrink, to seek for refuge, to implore ;
 When I was scorn'd or trampled, but to speak,
 When anger, rising high, though crouching low,
 Should, like the tiger, spring upon his foe.

STRUGGLE.

XXX.

Yet, in recalling these vex'd memories,
 Mine is no thought of vengeance ! If I speak
 Of childhood, as a time that found me weak,
 I utter no complaint of injuries ;
 These tried, but did not crush me ; and they made
 My spirit rise to a superior mood,—

Taught me endurance, and meet hardihood,
 And all life's better energies array'd
 For that long conflict which must end in death,
 Or victory!—and victory shall yet be mine!
 They cannot keep me from my right—the spoil
 Which is the guerdon of superior toil—
 Devotion that, defying hostile breath,
 Ceased not to “watch and pray,” though stars refused to shine!

MANHOOD.

XXXI.

Manhood at last!—and, with its consciousness,
 Are strength and freedom; freedom to pursue
 The purposes of hope—the godlike bliss,
 Born in the struggle for the great and true!
 And every energy that should be mine,
 This day, I dedicate to its object,—Life!
 So help me Heaven, that never I resign
 The duty which devotes me to the strife;—
 The enduring conflict which demands my strength,
 Whether of soul or body, to the last;
 The tribute of my years, through all their length,—
 The future's compensation to the past!—
 Boy's pleasures are for boyhood—its best cares
 Befit us not in our performing years.

LIGHT WITHIN.

XXXII.

Not wholly dark the darkness! The shut eye
 Is but an intimation to the soul,
 That thenceforth spreads a wing without control,
 And seeks its light in immortality;—
 Beating its upward wing against the sky,
 Impatient of the invisible, and still,
 Catching such golden glimpses of the goal,
 As make new pulses to emotion thrill,
 And a new spirit waken;—though denied
 Fruition of the promise, 'till that life,
 Which now makes upward flight a thing of strife,
 Yields to the better virtue in our gift;—
 And we unclothe an eye that makes us lift
 Vans mighty, that must bear us far and wide.

SAME SUBJECT.

XXXIII.

And night is full of competence, and brings
 A presence to the soul that fills the hour,
 Else dark and vacant, with a native power,
 Which clothes the common thought with mightiest wings;
 And we sail on with fancy, and in pride,
 To the dominion which is over earth;

And glorious spirits gather at our side,
 And fill the teeming echoes with rare mirth,—
 Hopes born of best affections—loving dreams,
 That have no taint;—passions that still delight
 In excellence, and virtue's better themes;—
 That make all life one starlight to the sight—
 A realm of sweet re-union with the blest,
 Who leave their own to hallow thus our rest.

AMBITION.

XXXV.

Descend, ye dark brow'd ministers of thought,
 Ye that are of the mountains! In your shapes,
 Gigantic, I discern great shadows, wrought
 Like those which to my eyes have risen unsought,
 In midnight visions, and my soul escapes,
 Joyful, triumphant,—borne aloft, along
 Your gloomy dwellings of the crag, with song,
 Whose thunder-tones have riven it, and yet roll,
 Subsiding, o'er the steeps of each far hill,
 That feels the ample voice and trembles still!
 Descend, ye glorious phantoms, vast and strong!
 Proud agents of the swift and sleepless soul,
 Whose ceaseless longings, not to be control'd,
 Toil for the mighty eminence ye hold.

ITS DANGERS.

XXXV.

Yet, is there danger, if, in that wild flight,
 The tongue forgets the spell-word! If the soul
 Sinks in its terrors, and the aching sight
 Grows dim and dizzy,—while the thunders roll,
 And the clouds thicken! Bitter is the mock
 Of those dark spirits, bred of elements,
 That revel in the tempest, love its shock,
 And glory in the extreme and the intense!
 Hurl'd from their pinions down the eminence,
 They flout the impotent spirit that would dare
 Invoke the slaves it could not sway—assume
 The wand of power that, waved aloft, would scare
 The soul of its usurper! Dread the doom,
 If heart, and voice, and eye, fail in that hour of gloom!

SAME SUBJECT.

XXXVI.

And yet, to perish were the kindlier fate,
 For one thus feebly striving. Not to die,
 Leaves him a puny clamorer for the state,
 Denied forever,—evermore too high;
 The scorn of all who mark the yearning eye
 Forever straining upward, with no wing

The height to overcome, the space o'erleap,
 And pluck the sullen honors from the steep !
 He toils amid the sterile hills of Time
 That mock him with delusions which still fly,
 Even as he seeks them, like th' Arabian spring ;—
 Leaving a desert waste, a gloomy clime,
 A weary track before him, gloomier yet,
 Night stooping down in storm, and the bright sun long set.

INVOLUNTARY STRUGGLE.

XXXVII.

Not in the rashness of warm confidence,
 Too vainly, self-assured, that I was strong,
 To struggle for, and reach that eminence,
 Around whose rugged steeps such terrors throng ;
 Did I resolve upon the perilous toil
 Which calls for man's best strength and hardihood,
 Ere he may win the height and take the spoil ;—
 But that a spirit stronger than my mood,
 Stood ever by and drave me to the task !—
 Oh ! not in vain presumption did I choose
 The barren honors of the unfruitful Nine,
 Sure that no favor from them did I ask ;
 Small resolution did it need of mine,
 To bind me to the service of the Muse !

SAME SUBJECT.

XXXVIII.

Even as the boy whom the stern prophet sire
 Devotes, in some deep forest, with a vow—
 So, with no thought of mine, and no desire,
 Was I constrained to seek, and sworn to bow,
 At altars whose strange Gods did never tire
 Of service, but commanded night and day !
 I knew no sports of comrades,—when, in play,
 My young companions shouted, I was sad ;
 Fill'd with strange yearnings,—summon'd still away
 To that lone worship—watchful, yet not glad !
 Shall it be deem'd a voluntary mood
 'That leads the boy from boyhood,—sports he loves,—
 The merry games of comrades,—still to brood,
 While others laugh,—in melancholy groves ?

RECOMPENSE.

XXXIX.

Not profitless the game, even when we lose,
 Nor wanting in reward the thankless toil ;
 The wild adventure that the man pursues,
 Requites him, though he gather not the spoil :
 Strength follows labor, and its exercise
 Brings independence, fearlessness of ill,—

Courage and pride,—all attributes we prize ;—

Though their fruits fail, not the less precious still.

Though fame withholds the trophy of desire,

And men deny, and tho impatient throug

Grow heedless, and the strains protracted, tire ;—

Not wholly vain the minstrel and the song,

If, striving to arouse one heavenly tone

In other's hearts, it wakens up his own.

SAME SUBJECT.

XI.

And this, methinks, were no unseemly boast,

In him who thus records th' experience

Of one, the humblest of that erring host,

Whose labors have been thought to need defence.

What though he reap no honors,—what though death

Rise terrible between him and the wreath,

That had been his reward, ere, in the dust,

He too is dust; yet hath he in his heart,

The happiest consciousness of what is just,

Sweet, true and beautiful,—which will not part

From his possession. In this happy faith,

He knows that life is lovely—that all things

Are sacred—that the air is full of wings

Bent heavenward,—and that bliss is born of scath !

SAME SUBJECT.

XLI.

And other lessons of humanity,

That fill the earth with blossoms—teach to feel
That man is better than he seems to be,

And he declares himself, and deeds reveal :
Not of good wholly fruitless was the tree

Whose fruit was death ; and, from the crowd apart,
There beckons one, first-born of poësy,

A gentle power, that from his darkled eyes
Removes all scales, and sets the vision free,

And teaches mercy for the erring heart,
Not always wilful ! We may nought despise,

In God's creation ! Erring we, not wise ;—

Given up to passion,—hateful of the just,—

Prone to blind toils, strange follies, crime and dust.

BEAUTY-VISIONS.

XLII.

I saw it in my dream ! O ! could I task

My sense again to slumber, nor awake

So long as the dear vision were in sight ;—

I will not do it so much wrong to make

My rude words show the picture thou dost ask :—

Behold it in my passion—a delight

Trembles through all my utterance! O! I feel,
 In the devoted beatings of my heart,
 That I should look enjoyment, nor appeal
 To vain resource of language to impart
 This vision of a most rare happiness—
 That rapture, it would madden to reveal,
 Which song itself would render spiritless;—
 It was such sweet, such sad, heart-touching tenderness.

SPIRIT-WANDERINGS.

XLIII.

Ah, me! that sleeping like Endymion,
 Upon a gentle hillslope, flow'r bestrewn,
 I could be laid to wait the coming moon,
 And her fresh smile, as some rich garment, don!
 Let the winds gather round me, and the dell,
 That breaks into the valley, catch the sound,
 And, with its many voices, speed around
 The airy rapture, till the natural spell
 Rouse up the wood-nymphs to delight my sleep;
 While she, my mistress, from her ocean cell,
 Ascends to the blue summits, with a swell
 Of those sweet noises from the caverns deep,
 Where blue eyed Nereids sport on ocean's shell,
 And to old Triton's conch, in long procession sweep.

GLIMPSES.

XLIV.

Upon the Poet's soul they flash forever,
 In evening shades, these glimpses strange and sweet;
 They fill his heart betimes—they leave him never,
 And haunt his steps with sounds of falling feet:
 He walks beside a mystery night and day;
 Still wanders where the sacred spring is hidden;
 Yet, would he take the seal from the forbidden,
 Then must he work and watch as well as pray!
 How work? How watch? Beside him—in his way,—
 Springs without check the flow'r by whose choice spell,—
 More potent than "herb moly,"—he can tell
 Where the stream rises, and the waters play!—
 Ah! spirits call'd avail not! On his eyes,
 Sealed up with stubborn clay, the darkness lies.

LOVE THE PURIFIER.

XLV.

Lady, when o'er my heart thy smile was cast,
 Like moonlight o'er the waters,—thou didst wake
 That passion of song within me which must last,
 Less for its own frail worth than thy dear sake.
 The muse thus hallows fond devotion's pray'r,
 Though lowly;—lifts the worshipper on high

To mounts of song in the Olympian air,
 And makes earth pregnant with divinity.
 Love thus, itself, converts to excellence,
 Clay that was meanest ;—purges it of dross ;
 Lights the dull eye with raised intelligence,
 And makes a gain to good of evil's loss.
 Thus hath that smile of thine uplifted me ;
 How can the heart be ill thus full of thee !

AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

XLVI.

With what a sèrene glory sinks the day
 Into his ocean chamber, while the sky,
 Unvexed by wild complaint, though clad in gray,
 Is touch'd by wondrous tints that, spreading high,
 Are met, and in their tenderness outdone,
 By glimmerings of the Queen, who, borne aloft,
 Blends with her own their violet hues to one,
 While all her floating robe flows silvery soft !
 Thus stilly sure, the harbinger-glory winds
 O'er earth, through Heaven's blue arches, 'till they glow
 Like a transparent sea, that never finds
 The Southern hurricane too rudely blow ;
 But where the sun sets ever in a smile,
 The stars slow stealing on his steps the while.

FRIENDSHIP.

XLVII.

Though wrong'd, not harsh my answer ! Love is fond,
 Even pain'd,—and rather to his injury bends,
 Than chooses to make shipwreck of his friends,
 By stormy summons. He hath nought beyond,
 For consolation, if that these be lost ;
 And rather will he hear of fortune cross'd,
 Plans baffled, hopes denied,—than take a tone
 Resentful,—with a quick and keen reply
 To hasty passion, and impatient eye,
 Such as by noblest natures may be shown,
 When the mood vexes ! Friendship is a seed,
 Needs tendance : You must keep it free from weed,
 Nor, if the tree hath sometimes bitter fruit,
 Must you for this lay axe unto the root.

DAWNINGS OF FANCY.

XLVII.

Voices are on the winds !—I hear them now,
 Floating around me, musical and sweet,
 As are the waves of ocean when they meet,
 Combing and flashing round some sunny prow ;—
 Then, as if seeking softer melody,
 Back shrinking from the lately sought embrace ;

Even as the new-won virgin, bashfully,
 Love in her heart, but doubt upon her face !
 How exquisite, and yet how sad withal,
 Those murmurs, that fond meeting, and faint fall !
 They swell upon my spirit's ear by night,
 And morning brings them on her purple wings,—
 Oh ! Fancy !—as if feeding at thy springs,
 They took from thee all voices of delight.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

XLVIII.

Nor only of delight ! The music swells
 To sorrow, as the rosy day declines,
 And folding up his wing among the vines,
 The wandering zephyr of his garden tells
 By the Euphrates.—Exiled from its flow'rs
 His wing is weary—he forgets its powers,
 And his heart sinks with the decaying light,—
 Most wretched, the Capricious ! three long hours !
 Ere dawn he plumes his wing for fresher flight,
 Dreams of enduring joys in other bowers,
 And wild his song of rapture that same night !
 Rapture in sadness finds his fit repose,
 As toil in sleep ; and Fancy's self rebels,
 Denied her evening bow'r and brief repose.

CONTINUED.

L.

Whoso denies this wholesome, natural want,
 Endangers her existence! She must bask
 Among the woods she rifles,—free from task,
 The master's eye, and hard command,—and nap,
 Where nature yields her groves and matron lap;—
 Where birds sing slumber, and the hunted doe,
 Assured of safety, stops awhile to pant!
 Thus resting, she arises, prompt and strong,
 With eye all vigor,—wing prepared to go,
 Rapt, heavenward, in the upward-gushing song!—
 Poised like the great sea-eagle in his state,
 Sovereign 'mongst rolling clouds, careering free
 Or, like the meeker lark, at heaven's own gate,
 That, in her love, proclaims her liberty.

REPROACH AND CONSOLATION.

LI.

Well said the master,—“The worst grief of all,
 Is to remember, in our hours of wo,
 How blest we have been!”* It were rightly so,
 If, like Adam's memory of his wretched fall,
 To the keen thought of pleasures ever gone,
 There be the sting of self-reproach, to say,

* Dante.

"The seed is of thy planting—go thy way,
 And let the curse be on thy head alone!"
 This is the bitterer truth,—but it is one,
 In bitterness thrice blessèd, if it brings,
 Repentance, that, with healing on its wings,
 Will cheer the future, and the past atone :
 It were a grace to pray for, night and day,
 In ashes,—while the world is out at play.

WARNING.

LII.

How went the cry in Greece, an ominous sound,
 When Elatea fell—disaster dread,
 Presaging Chæroneia ! Is the tale read—
 Is there no moral in that history found,
 That we grope on, with tidings each day brought
 Of outposts lost to the enemy—our foe
 That saps our liberties through the popular thought,
 And in our stupor, brings our virtues low.
 Yet may we not despair—a nation sleeps
 Not always :—she may need repose for strength,
 And, at the perilous moment, break at length
 Her bonds, as from his lair the lion leaps,
 To conquest, in the pride of all his powers :—
 Ah ! Chæroneia never shall be ours !

FAERY GLIMPSES.

LIII.

The spirits that do dress the flow'rs with dew,
 And trip it on the green sward, by the moon,
 And play fantastic tricks both late and soon,
 When March with blossoms promises the Spring,—
 Have been about me in the merriest ring :—
 Methought among their forms were some I knew ;—
 They came with hushing laughter,—for I slept
 Beneath our willows—slyly round me crept,
 And pranked my brow with blossoms,—in my ear,
 Whispered the wildest dreams of elfin land,
 Then, in a circle, dancing hand in hand,
 Sung me a ditty from the Moon's own sphere :—
 Starting from slumber, in the dear delight,
 Of such a vision, it was gone from sight.

CHILD FANCIES.

LIV.

A plague upon your knowledge—books and laws,
 Sciences, theories and doctrines cold,
 Maxims and principles, and rules, and saws,
 That, propagating nothing, from the old,
 Lop off their generations :—where are now
 Those fancies rare, those superstitions wild,

That kept the heart, in wonders, still a child;—
 That taught the mind to dream, the soul to glow,—
 That peopled air with glories—fill'd the mine
 With its inhabitants,—fiery-mail'd forms,
 That traversing earth's avenues in swarms,
 Met Oberon's light legions, line for line?
 Give me these visions of my youth—restore
Its youth, which dwelt in such as these, once more.

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.

LV.

We are a part of all we hear and see,—
 We share in their existence—we are taught
 By what they suffer—with their feelings fraught,—
 Are bound by their captivity, or free,
 In their fresh impulses;—the earth, the air,
 Master us through our sympathies—we share
 The life that is about us, and thus flee,
 From our own nature to a converse strange
 With other natures—to the rock and tree,
 The bird, and the sleek animal that glides
 Still happy in deep thickets. Thus we range,
 Capricious, still obedient to the tides
 That chide or soothe our streams, as winds impel the sea.

PROGRESS IN DENIAL.

LVI.

" Yet, onward still !" the spirit cries within,
 'Tis I that must repay thee. Mortal fame,
 If won, is but, at best, the hollow din,
 The vulgar freedom with a mighty name ;—
 Seek not this music—ask not this acclaim,
 But in the strife find succor ;—for the toil
 Pursued for such false barter ends in shame,
 As certainly as that which seeks but spoil !
 Best recompense he finds, who, to his task,
 Brings a proud, patient spirit, that will wait,
 Nor for the guerdon stoop, nor vainly ask,
 Of fate or fortune,—but with right good will,
 Go, working on, and uncomplaining still,
 Assured of fit reward, or soon or late !

WORLD CONFLICT.

LVII.

Thousands must perish in this hopeless strife,
 And other thousands withering as they stand,
 Grow old in the long conflict waged for life !—
 The conflict not for homes, or gold, or land,
 But the rare privilege of rule,—command,
 Over the meaner spirits that surround—

And worship while they mock—that starry band,
They call ambitious! Rivalry and Blame

Attend their footsteps,—envy, and the host
Of reptile passions that delight to wound

The spirits whom their hatred honors most,—
And worse, Ingratitude!—that still from fame
Plucks its best laurel, as if loth to know,
How much it owes, and cannot help but owe.

TO MY FRIEND.

LVIII.

Ambition owns no friend, yet be thou mine!—

I have not much to win thee,—yet if song

Born of affliction, may one name prolong,

My lay shall seek to give a life to thine.

Let this requite thee for the honoring thought

That has forgiven me each capricious mood;

Dealt gently with my phrenzies, school'd my blood

And still with love my sad seclusion sought.

And when the gray sod rises o'er my breast,

Be thou the guardian of my deeds and name,

Defend me from the foes who hunt my fame,—

And, when thou show'st its purity, attest

Mine eye was ever on the sun, and bent,

Where clouds and difficult rocks made steep the great ascent.

FIRST LOVE.

LIX.

Oh! precious is the flow'r that Passion brings
 To his first shrine of beauty, when the heart
 Runs over in devotion, and no art
 Checks the free gush of the wild lay he sings ;—
 But the rapt eye, and the impetuous thought
 Declare the pure affection ; and a speech,
 Such as the ever-tuned affections teach,
 Delivers love's best confidence unbought ;—
 And all is glory in the o'er-arching sky,
 And all is beauty in the uplifting earth,
 And from the wood, and o'er the wave, a mirth,
 Such as mocks hope with immortality,
 Declares that all the loved ones are at hand,
 With still the turtle's voice, the loudest in the land.

HEEDLESSNESS.

LX.

We see the flow'r decaying as we pass,
 Pale with the coming cold, and, on the grass,
 Write ruin, with our footsteps, every hour,
 Yet pause not in our progress, though a pow'r,
 As much superior to ourselves, as we
 To these dumb suff'rers of the predestined earth,

Beholds us rapidly passing from our birth,
 To a like ruin with the things we see ;
 And, from our side, as little heeded, goes,
 Drawn by invisible cords, the treasured thing
 That has our heart, in keeping ;—yet we sing
 As idly as if life were free from foes,
 And love were sure 'gainst danger ;—there is one,
 Who, speaking near me now, of death, is heard by none !

WASTE.

LXI.

Days vanish, and still other days arise,
 Like these to disappear,—and still we crave,
 From time indulgence,—with a yawning grave,
 Beneath us, that, with ceaseless utterance cries,—
 “ Ye ripen fast for me—the moment flies
 When ye should ripen for eternity ;
 Be diligent, if ye would take the prize,
 Wrought for performance in humility,
 In exercise of goodness make ye wise,
 Each toiling in his station as is meet ;
 For still, however slow, the hours will fleet,
 Too fast for the most diligent ! Your eyes,
 Will close on mightiest projects, still unwrought,
 That were the favorite creatures of your thought.”

BY THE SWANANNOA.

LXII.

Is it not lovely, while the day flows on
 Like some unnoticed water through the vale,
 Sun-sprinkled,—and, across the fields, a gale,
 Ausonian, murmurs out an idle tale,
 Of groves deserted late, but lately won.
 How calm the silent mountains, that, around,
 Bend their blue summits, as if grouped to hear
 Some high ambassador from foreign ground,—
 To hearken, and, most probably confound !
 While, leaping onward, with a voice of cheer,
 Glad as some schoolboy ever on the bound,
 The lively Swanannoa sparkles near ;—
 A flash and murmur mark him as he roves,
 Now foaming white o'er rocks, now glimpsing soft through groves.

SONNET AT TONGEVILLE.

XLIII.

Somers,—if to thy courts the robin comes
 Still cheerily chirping,—and the gipsy throng
 That, in the thorny thicket, hourly hums
 In noon-day yellow, with a thoughtless song
 That stirs with spleen the mockbird, 'till he pours,
 Beneath thy very eaves, such resolute strain,

As takes the voice from nature, nor restores,
 'Till he has pleased to yield her ears again ;—
 If these surround thy footsteps, nor complain ;—
 If, in thy walks, the timorous dove appears,
 Timorous no longer, nor inclined to flee ;—
 If these unharmed ones thus speak with me,—
 Thou hast an evidence that nobly cheers,
 And with no scruple I award it thee.

DESPONDENCY OF AMBITION.

LXIV.

Thou wilt remark my fate when I am dead,
 Let not fools scoff above me, and proclaim,
 That I had vainly struggled after fame,
 'Till the good oil of my young life was shed,
 And I became a mockery, and fell
 Into the yellow leaf before my time ;
 A sacrifice, even in my earliest prime,
 To that which thinn'd the heavens and peopled hell !
 How few will understand us at the best,
 How few, so yield their sympathies, to know,
 What cares have robb'd us of our nightly rest,
 How stern our trial, how complete our woe,—
 And how much more our doom it was than pride,
 To toil in devious ways with none who loved beside.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

LXV.

My child, my innocent child,—when I am gone,
 Strangers and time will have untaught thee all,
 Thy father's love, his care for thee alone,
 Surviving hope's defeat and fortune's fall;
 And I shall leave behind me nought that may
 Teach thee thy loss, unless it be my song,
 And that, perchance, will scarcely linger long
 To keep my memory coupled with my lay!
 Sad lay, invoked by sorrow, tuned by wrong;
 But, rude and harsh, still coupled with one tone,
 To spell the ears of love, and, in the soul,
 When days are happiest, to awaken thought,
 Which pleasure cannot hush, nor pride control,
 Of him, by whom thy lessons first were taught.

MORAL CAPRICE.

LXVI.

There is a mood that sometimes makes us cry
 In very weariness of soul. "Twere well,
 Methinks, if I could lay me down and die;"
 There is no terror in the solemn knell,
 That ushers to the grave, which gently opens
 Its peaceful arms, and promises repose

From vexing strifes and still deceiving hopes,
 Friends failing, and the sleepless herd of foes."
 And then we find similitude in things,
 Beneath us, the poor leaf and flow'r which dread
 The blight of winter, and the recoiling springs
 That shiver as the wind sweeps overhead :—
 Thus fevering, 'till awakes the manlier mood,
 When we go forth and conquer in warm blood.

ATTICA.

LXVII.

Sterile but proud, beneath her own blue sky,
 Sleeps Attica, there bounded by the sea,
 There by Eubœa ; yet how boundless she,
 In sole dominion ; with her realms that lie,
 Wherever winds can wing, or waters bear
 The proofs of her great magic ;—magic wrought,
 By genius, on the stern and shapeless thought,
 Which thenceforth took a form that cannot fear
 Whatever Time may threaten. Overthrow
 Her altars, yet how certain that the God,
 Still from the eminence sends her breath abroad
 Spelling the nations with her soul alone ;
 The soul that makes soil sacred, and from earth,
 Triumphant plucks the doom of death that came with birth.

POPULAR MISDIRECTION.

LXVIII.

We are no more a people of the free ;
 A change is on our fortunes—we forget
 The high design that made our liberty
 A thing of hope and wonder, and have set
 Our hearts on earthly idols, vanities,
 The childish wants of fashion, and a crowd
 Of sordid appetites that clamor loud,
 The eager ear of emptiness to please.
 The nobler toils that only to high thought,
 Patience, and inward struggle, yield the prize,
 Are ours no longer ;—we no more devise
 Conquests of self and fortune ;—all unwrought
 That glorious vein our father's struck of yore,
 Which, left unwork'd, but makes us doubly poor.

TO DEPARTING FRIENDS.

LXIX.

The friends that still would keep thee from thy home,
 Yet pray that when thou leav'st them, winds may be
 Meek and submissive ; and the ocean foam
 Unroused by tempests ; and the obedient sea,
 A docile steed that needs no spur to goad,
 Nor yet the anxious leash which Terror's hand

Grasps, doubting, lest, all reckless of command,
 The untamed creature flies the appointed road !
 Skies favor thee and fortune—keep from ills,—
 Make thee to reach thy haven and embrace
 The pillars of thy ancient dwelling-place,—
 Hear all the well-known voices of thy hills,
 And those that, prattling up from new-found rills,
 Grow happier, as they look into thy face.

THE BROKEN HEART.

LXX.

Weave me, sweet minstrel, into gentlest song,
 The story that I bring thee, of a maid,
 Who, blessing earth with beauty, did not long
 Withhold from heaven the treasure that it pray'd :
 She died, 'tis said, for love of one whose heart,
 Wanton as winning, did from hers withdraw,
 When that, persuaded of his faith by art,
 She knew no other life, no other law ;
 And while all wondering, worship'd,—he, alone,
 Mock'd at the holy truth that never err'd,
 Save once, when by his baleful homage won,
 Him, o'er all others, hapless, she prefer'd !
 She died of heart-break,—though, what earth has riven,
 If loving truly, is made whole in heaven.

INSENSIBILITY.

LXXI.

Methinks, there is no blindness such as this—
 To know not, though the treasure near us lies ;
 Love's treasure, first and dearest,—which the skies
 Vouchsafed, when earth had lost all right to bliss ;
 The treasure of a true heart ; which, to roof
 Lowly brings life ;—and, when all fortune spent,
 Cheers with devotion and the sweetest proof,
 So that the sufferer freshens with content ;
 And, in the desolation at his door,
 Sees but the sweet security of all,
 Which, lost to hapless Adam at the fall,
 Eden regained, had left possession poor !
 Yet daily, in our blindness, we rush on,
 Though hearts around us cry imploring to be won.

ATTRIBUTES OF LOVE.

LXXII.

If Love had not an understanding eye,
 If Love's eye had not comprehensive speech,
 If Love were not a thing of memory,
 Or if to aught but Love, Love aught could teach,
 How much, sweet heart, have I said fruitlessly,
 How much fond speech were thrown away on thee ;

How much have both remember'd bootlessly,
 How much have others seen, who should not see ;
 How profligate our hearts of moments wasted ;
 How vain the fond expectancies that led ;
 How wild the dreams whose raptures sleep untasted ;
 How sad the sweet delusions which have fed ;
 The hearts whole being from this danger shrinks !
 Yet Love is no such profligate, methinks !

SYMPATHY BETWEEN THE PAST AND FUTURE.

LXXIII.

Would we go forward boldly, and gain heart
 For farther progress, we must pause awhile,
 And gaze upon the path, for many a mile,
 We follow'd, when we first grew bold to start ;—
 That so much has been traversed, is a goad
 To fresh endeavor ; and the eye grows bright,
 With expectation, as the baffled sight
 Would vainly compass all the o'er-trodden road ;—
 The pathways of the future will grow clear,
 When the first fresh beginnings of the march,
 Lie bright beneath the broad and sheltering arch ;
 And, re-possest of childhood, we are near
 Heaven's sources,—for the true humanity,
 Keeps past and future still in either eye.

DESIRE AND FRUITION.

LXXIV.

Three children play'd beneath a spreading tree,
In an old garden,—a secluded clime,
With orange laden, citron and the lime :—
Two were twin-children, and the first who came
Men called Desire ; the second bore Love's name;
The third, Enjoyment,—sweetest of the three !
How strove the twins then for his young embrace,
With panting heart, wild eye and eager face ,
But, delicate by nature, in the strife,
O'erpow'r'd, the child soon rendered up his life !
Then fell the two that once had loved, apart,
And knew no more each other ;—then a gloom,
Settled upon the garden, while each heart
Grew cold, and Joy's first birth-place was his tomb.

LIFE IN LOVE.

LXXV.

Oh ! what is there of magic in the name,
That thus my heart should tremble,—though long years
Have pass'd, since, following that delusive flame,
I learn'd how little profit came from tears,—
How great the shame of weakness, what the scorn
Of power, at meek devotion,—and, how vain,

When pride finds pleasure in bestowing pain,
 To hope that nobler feelings may be born
 In the tyrannic bosom !—Shall it be,
 That, from the passion which has brought me shame,
 The sacrifice of human hope and fame,
 The Fates deny my spirit to go free !
 Ah ! wherefore love if thus !—but love reproves
 The murmur,—since he lives alone who loves !

THE SPIRIT OF INTELLECTUAL ART.

LXXVI.

Methinks each noble purpose of man's heart,
 Declared by his performance, crowns his works
 With a becoming spirit, which still lurks
 In what he builds, nor will from thence depart,
 Though time bestows it on the solitude,
 The solitude on Ruin, and her gray,
 In moss and lichen, honoring decay,
 Makes her a refuge, where a nobler mood
 Had rear'd a temple to diviner art,
 And based its shrines on worship. In the stone
 Dismember'd, sits that guardian shape alone,
 Twin-being with the precious trust whose birth,
 Brought down a wandering genius to a throne,
 And gave him thence a realm and power on earth.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

LXXVII.

Thy thought, but whisper'd, rises up a spirit,
 Wing'd and from thence immortal. The sweet tone,
 Freed by thy skill from prisoning wood or stone,
 Doth thence, for thine, a tribute soul inherit!
 When from the genius speaking in thy mind,
 Thou hast evolved the godlike shrine or tower,
 That moment does thy matchless art unbind
 A spirit born for earth, and arm'd with power,
 The fabric of thy love to watch and keep
 From utter desecration. It may fall,
 Thy structure,—and its gray stones topple all,—
 But he who treads its portals, feels how deep
 A presence is upon him,—and his word
 Grows hush'd, as if a shape, unseem, beside him heard.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

LXXVIII.

At every whisper we endow with life,
 A being of good or evil,—who must, thence,
 Allegiance yield to that intelligence,
 Which, calling into birth, decreed the strife,
 Which he must seek forever! The good thought,
 Is born a blessed angel, that goes forth,

In ministry of gladness, through the earth
 Still teaching what is love, by love still taught !
 The evil joins the numerous ranks of ill,
 And, born of curses, through the endless years,
 'Till Time shall be no more, and human tears
 Dried up in judgment,—must his curse fulfil !
 Dream'st thou of what is blessing or unblest,
 Thou tak'st a God or Demon to thy breast !

THE BEAUTY OF DEPARTING OBJECTS.

LXXIX.

How beautiful, thus fading from the eye,
 Are the sweet things we scarcely saw before ;
 Scenes that, 'till now, ne'er challenged smile or sigh,
 How lovely seem they, fleeting evermore ;
 We feel, too late, our blindness and would buy
 From memory, all that memory can restore !
 Thus, the o'erburthen'd form, as on the bed
 Of Death, and the last trial, it reposes,
 New freshness feels in all around it spread,
 And finds new sweetness in the leaves and roses.
 'Till now there had been nothing in the things,
 Most precious near us, and our eyes unfold,
 Even as they close forever, to behold
 How dear the gifts of home our blindness from us flings.

THE PURITANS.

ON SEEING WEIR'S NATIONAL PICTURE.

LXXX.

Men were ye!—fearless and strong hearted men,
 Firm in endurance, resolute for right,
 Ready to beard the Lion in his den,
 And, slow to conflict, slower still in flight!
 I heed not of your bigotry, that grew
 From a too-easily persuaded self;—
 Nor yet of your strong appetite for pelf,—
 Hard toils and slender gains might prompt that too!
 But ye *were* men!—brave, earnest, whole-soul'd men,
 Forever battling in the good old cause,
 Of man!—his rights, his liberties and laws,
 And, over all, his progress! Do it then,
 Your glory to have struggled through the strife,
 Renewed, and sure of still-renewing life.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

LXXXI.

The record should be made of each great deed,
 That brings unnumbered blessings for its fruits,
 So, that, while gazing on the vigorous shoots,
 Our children may possess the generous seed;
 Nor, aught forgetting of the glorious past,
 Lay good foundations in the future's womb;

So, when the hardy sire descends at last,
 'The emulous son shall still defend his tomb!
 Thus chronicled, the mighty deed begets
 Still mightier,—and the column that mounts high,
 Where brave souls met to conquer or to die,
 Speaks histories the good son ne'er forgets,
 And joys if he can emulate! Thus stand,
 Gray, granite speaker, still, to glad and guide the land.

THE FALL OF WARSAW.

LXXXII.

Thy sun has set, and yet the sun shines on,
 Sad City!—not a ray obscured, and bright,
 As on the eve before thy hope went down
 In blood, and battle, and o'erwhelming night,—
 And thou wert made a ruin, shrunk in blight,—
 Not by thy foes alone!—but traitors too
 Were there to thwart, if not to shame, the few,
 Who, to the last sad hour, maintained the fight;
 And clung to the red ashes of their land,
 As to a mother's grave,—nerved by a strength
 Which, though defeated and subdued, at length,
 Proves nobly what the soul of man may do,
 Cheer'd, by a generous hope, to wield the brand,
 In battling for the cause it holds more true.

THE PEACE OF THE WOODS.

LXXXIII.

Thou hast enamor'd me of woodland scenes,
 Good shepherd, for thou show'st them with an air
 Of truth, to win even wilder hearts to hear,
 Than his who sits beside thee,—and thus gleans
 Thy secret from thee of true happiness,
 Inbred content and quiet humbleness,
 That cannot be o'erthrown by rising high,
 And vexeth not the glance of envious eye.
 They blessings are of that serener kind,
 Which, as they rouse no passions up, must be,
 Lik'd to that breeze benign that strokes the sea,
 'Till it subsides in murmurs. No rude wind
 Disturbs thy world's smooth waters, and defames
 The glory of its peace, with its unreasoning storms.

THE ANCIENT RIVULET.

LXXXIV.

Sit thee beside me for awhile, and rest,
 On these green margins of the slope, and hear,
 As yon sly brooklet sends up to the ear
 Its chaunt of murmurs, like a strain repress'd
 By sobbings of the heart that pours it out!—
 I mind me, friend, that it is now about

Some thirteen summers, since I laid me down

Beside this little streamlet, as I left,

Grieving with boyhood's heart, my native town!

To this I now return,—of youth bereft,

And thorns about my head in place of crown.

Then all was, "lo! the triumph!" in my breast,

My thought, heart, eye, on one achievement set;

Now! all is changed save this poor rivulet.

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